

L. V. & E. T. BLUM,  
PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

TERMS:—CASH IN ADVANCE.

One Copy one year, \$1.00  
" " six months, .75  
" " three .50

# The People's Press.

Devoted to Politics, Literature, Agriculture, the Markets and General Information.

VOL. XXXI.

SALEM, N. C., JANUARY 25, 1883.

NO. 4.

## The Old Cottage Clock.

Old! the old, old clock of the household stock  
Was the brightest thing and the neatest;  
Its hands, though old, had a touch of gold,  
And its chime rang still the sweetest.  
'Twas a monitor, too, though its words were few,

Yet it lived through nations altered;  
And its voice, still strong, warned old and young.

When the voice of friendship faltered;  
Tick, tick," it said—"quiet, quiet to bed—  
For nine I've given warning;  
Up and up, or else you know,

You'll never rise soon in the morning."

A friendly voice—old, old, old clock,  
As it stood in the corner swinging;  
And blessed was the time with a merry chime,  
To a winter hours beginning;

But a cross old voice was that tiresome clock  
As it called at daybreak boldly,

When the dawn looked gray on the misty way,

And the early air blew coldly:

"Tick, tick," it said—"quiet, out of bed—  
For five I've given warning;

You'll never have health, you'll never get health,

Unless you're up soon in the morning."

Still hourly the sound goes round and round;  
With a tone that causes for the bright days.

While tears are shed for the bright days;  
It's been said, when hearts are gone

Those same hearts, though broken;

His hands still move, though hands we love

Are shaped on earth no longer."

"Tick, tick," it said—"to the churchyard bed—

The grave hath given warning—  
Up and rise, and look to the skies,

And prepare for a heavenly morning."

—Christian Intelligencer.

## GOOD ADVICE.

## THE STORY OF A MISTAKE.

Rising and falling on the sparkling waters some two miles distant from a coast-line which is the glory of the beautiful Channel Islands, plashing musically in rhythmic consonance with the wave-beaten shore, floats the Lively Polly, a frail little Guernsey fishing-boat, occupied by two men—David Syvert, its master, and Lionel Hardy, a wandering member of the great brotherhood of the brush. One of these, a broad-shouldered and stalwart islander of some fifty years of age, whose honest bronzed face seems to have absorbed into itself much of the sunlight which for nine months of the year sheds itself prodigally upon Moulin Huet bay, is occupied in selecting mussels from a shining black head banked up under the forward thwart of the boat, serving as a seat to one, and, serving them up as bait for the somewhat fastidious whiting-pout and codling, into whose cool haunts, fifteen fathoms below, they are temptingly lowered. The other, an active, vivacious, resolute-looking young fellow of five-and-twenty, is loosing his line in the stern with a very ecstasy of enjoyment, airy poising in his hand a horn of ice-cold water drawn from the famed well of St. Martin, in which he has been pledged to the service of the island, and the sea, and the boat, letting his eye roam appreciatively from headland to headland and rest to reef.

"And now for our last toast, David—the Guernsey Lily," he says, reverently.

"Miss Doris, God bless her!" exclaims David, draining his glass; and his young companion, joining him, gazes over the waters, and apparently finding the Guernsey Lily too sacred a flower to be dilated on, relapses into a dreamy abstraction, and remains lost in thought, while David gathers together the limpy spoil, hauls in the net, and finally sets the mainsail.

Lionel holds up her sweet face and in her graciously introduced to the gentle reader. Fair and slim and beautiful is the maiden whom young Lionel Hardy has allured to as the Guernsey Lily; a goddess among the island fisher-folk; hedged in with a divinity begotten of kindly actions and quick sympathies; the possessor of a love-compelling face, with eyes of sun-bright hazel, so clear and bright as the golden rays shot through the lace-fringed and pectorate to the darkling undergrowth of stem and foliage; and with lips from which proceeds a laugh, pure and fresh, and musical "as one of the streams which gurgle around the pebbles of her own Guernsey water-lane."

Moulin Huet village had known and loved her for now close upon ten years; just that period had elapsed since Dr. Awdry, her father, an antiquarian and scholar, had lost the better part of his fair fortune, and had brought her over to settle in the island, and to come the light of a beautiful old fashioned home. In the house he had made his home. There Doris reigned supreme and held mimic court, receiving deputations of the village children, distributing her bounty, supervising the daily operations incidental to the maintenance of two Albany cows and a host of shock-headed chickens, flitting to and fro in her crisp cotton frock among her roses and pictures. Thus at Bellu Luce she lived, and worked, and won the love of all about her, seeing little of society, yet too busy ministering to the wants of those among whom her lot was cast, than attending to her father, to feel other than content.

An oddly strange new element had entered her life, that seemed likely to give it a wider scope and deeper meaning. Into the garden one sunny spring day, when she was delving with her trowel among the flowers, there had strolled young Lionel Hardy, the bearer of a letter of introduction to her father from some distant relation; as frank and debonair a young wielder of the brush and mahl-stick as had ever spoiled a yard of good canvas.

From the hour of that eventful meeting just four months ago, the two which now seemed destined to clutch each other's mind, Lionel had stayed on, taking up his quarters at a neighboring farmhouse, and finding it week by week more difficult to tear himself away, yet, happily, finding with the weeks an added stimulus to work, as if his very bread depended upon

his labors—as, indeed, it almost did. During those four months, it is scarcely necessary to observe, his steps had tended frequently toward Bellu Luce. The doctor, good man—was it because of the innate affection the young fellow had conceived for ancient remains?—had taken to him marvelously, and so far from discouraging him, had only encouraged him. Thus it fell out that David and he had seen much of one another, and to see much of Doris was to see her.

Lionel was not long in making this discovery; and as he sat at work in the little room he had fitted up as his studio, his brain would often be busy in the evolution of day-dreams. Though the little income he was making was, he knew, painfully diminutive as incomes went, nevertheless did not ignore rail against fortune, but set himself manfully to redress her deficiencies in so far as regarded himself.

"The private view," he mutters himself, with a ghastly attempt at a smile, "that you most lovest me as I am, that we may be little else, the world would say half aloud, as I stand before you, to his side, and he would bend in a sudden accession of tenderness over the picture which he was limning Doris' fair form. "Love will make our cottage pleasant; and I love thee more than life." But then he wasn't a lord of Burleigh, as he would a little more reflect, and the only acres he had to offer were a few acres of rather indifferently painted canvas.

"But the hand, lady, shall grow strong as the days pass on!" he said, still apostrophizing the picture; and judging from the draughtsmanship, it might be hard to look as if the hand were growing stronger. The picture bore for title "Good Advice," and was being painted surreptitiously.

Its subject was the Lady Doris giving admonition, out of the fullness of her experience of the world, to her little handmaiden, Lizzie Syvert, daughter of David, who was about to leave her on domestic service in the great city of St. Peter. Doris, supple, suppliant, with her hazel eyes full of wistful looking up into the eyes of Lizzy, reverential and receptive, in the crisp and daintiness of mep caps, kerchiefs and aprons; the two wending their way through the water-lane which skirts the garden of Bellu Luce; their steps silent from before the easel and discloses the picture; and with a rapturous little cry of delight Doris recognizes its subject. For a moment or two she stands leaning forward and gazing intently upon the canvas; and then, dimpling and blushing in her confusion, quits the street through which it passed and returning to the picture, and, judging from the draughtsmanship, it might be hard to look as if the hand were growing stronger. The picture bore for title "Good Advice," and was being painted surreptitiously.

Its subject was the Lady Doris giving admonition, out of the fullness of her experience of the world, to her little handmaiden, Lizzie Syvert, daughter of David, who was about to leave her on domestic service in the great city of St. Peter. Doris, supple, suppliant, with her hazel eyes full of wistful looking up into the eyes of Lizzy, reverential and receptive, in the crisp and daintiness of mep caps, kerchiefs and aprons; the two wending their way through the water-lane which skirts the garden of Bellu Luce; their steps silent from before the easel and discloses the picture; and with a rapturous little cry of delight Doris recognizes its subject. For a moment or two she stands leaning forward and gazing intently upon the canvas; and then, dimpling and blushing in her confusion, quits the street through which it passed and returning to the picture, and, judging from the draughtsmanship, it might be hard to look as if the hand were growing stronger. The picture bore for title "Good Advice," and was being painted surreptitiously.

Its subject was the Lady Doris giving admonition, out of the fullness of her experience of the world, to her little handmaiden, Lizzie Syvert, daughter of David, who was about to leave her on domestic service in the great city of St. Peter. Doris, supple, suppliant, with her hazel eyes full of wistful looking up into the eyes of Lizzy, reverential and receptive, in the crisp and daintiness of mep caps, kerchiefs and aprons; the two wending their way through the water-lane which skirts the garden of Bellu Luce; their steps silent from before the easel and discloses the picture; and with a rapturous little cry of delight Doris recognizes its subject. For a moment or two she stands leaning forward and gazing intently upon the canvas; and then, dimpling and blushing in her confusion, quits the street through which it passed and returning to the picture, and, judging from the draughtsmanship, it might be hard to look as if the hand were growing stronger. The picture bore for title "Good Advice," and was being painted surreptitiously.

Its subject was the Lady Doris giving admonition, out of the fullness of her experience of the world, to her little handmaiden, Lizzie Syvert, daughter of David, who was about to leave her on domestic service in the great city of St. Peter. Doris, supple, suppliant, with her hazel eyes full of wistful looking up into the eyes of Lizzy, reverential and receptive, in the crisp and daintiness of mep caps, kerchiefs and aprons; the two wending their way through the water-lane which skirts the garden of Bellu Luce; their steps silent from before the easel and discloses the picture; and with a rapturous little cry of delight Doris recognizes its subject. For a moment or two she stands leaning forward and gazing intently upon the canvas; and then, dimpling and blushing in her confusion, quits the street through which it passed and returning to the picture, and, judging from the draughtsmanship, it might be hard to look as if the hand were growing stronger. The picture bore for title "Good Advice," and was being painted surreptitiously.

Its subject was the Lady Doris giving admonition, out of the fullness of her experience of the world, to her little handmaiden, Lizzie Syvert, daughter of David, who was about to leave her on domestic service in the great city of St. Peter. Doris, supple, suppliant, with her hazel eyes full of wistful looking up into the eyes of Lizzy, reverential and receptive, in the crisp and daintiness of mep caps, kerchiefs and aprons; the two wending their way through the water-lane which skirts the garden of Bellu Luce; their steps silent from before the easel and discloses the picture; and with a rapturous little cry of delight Doris recognizes its subject. For a moment or two she stands leaning forward and gazing intently upon the canvas; and then, dimpling and blushing in her confusion, quits the street through which it passed and returning to the picture, and, judging from the draughtsmanship, it might be hard to look as if the hand were growing stronger. The picture bore for title "Good Advice," and was being painted surreptitiously.

Its subject was the Lady Doris giving admonition, out of the fullness of her experience of the world, to her little handmaiden, Lizzie Syvert, daughter of David, who was about to leave her on domestic service in the great city of St. Peter. Doris, supple, suppliant, with her hazel eyes full of wistful looking up into the eyes of Lizzy, reverential and receptive, in the crisp and daintiness of mep caps, kerchiefs and aprons; the two wending their way through the water-lane which skirts the garden of Bellu Luce; their steps silent from before the easel and discloses the picture; and with a rapturous little cry of delight Doris recognizes its subject. For a moment or two she stands leaning forward and gazing intently upon the canvas; and then, dimpling and blushing in her confusion, quits the street through which it passed and returning to the picture, and, judging from the draughtsmanship, it might be hard to look as if the hand were growing stronger. The picture bore for title "Good Advice," and was being painted surreptitiously.

Its subject was the Lady Doris giving admonition, out of the fullness of her experience of the world, to her little handmaiden, Lizzie Syvert, daughter of David, who was about to leave her on domestic service in the great city of St. Peter. Doris, supple, suppliant, with her hazel eyes full of wistful looking up into the eyes of Lizzy, reverential and receptive, in the crisp and daintiness of mep caps, kerchiefs and aprons; the two wending their way through the water-lane which skirts the garden of Bellu Luce; their steps silent from before the easel and discloses the picture; and with a rapturous little cry of delight Doris recognizes its subject. For a moment or two she stands leaning forward and gazing intently upon the canvas; and then, dimpling and blushing in her confusion, quits the street through which it passed and returning to the picture, and, judging from the draughtsmanship, it might be hard to look as if the hand were growing stronger. The picture bore for title "Good Advice," and was being painted surreptitiously.

Its subject was the Lady Doris giving admonition, out of the fullness of her experience of the world, to her little handmaiden, Lizzie Syvert, daughter of David, who was about to leave her on domestic service in the great city of St. Peter. Doris, supple, suppliant, with her hazel eyes full of wistful looking up into the eyes of Lizzy, reverential and receptive, in the crisp and daintiness of mep caps, kerchiefs and aprons; the two wending their way through the water-lane which skirts the garden of Bellu Luce; their steps silent from before the easel and discloses the picture; and with a rapturous little cry of delight Doris recognizes its subject. For a moment or two she stands leaning forward and gazing intently upon the canvas; and then, dimpling and blushing in her confusion, quits the street through which it passed and returning to the picture, and, judging from the draughtsmanship, it might be hard to look as if the hand were growing stronger. The picture bore for title "Good Advice," and was being painted surreptitiously.

Its subject was the Lady Doris giving admonition, out of the fullness of her experience of the world, to her little handmaiden, Lizzie Syvert, daughter of David, who was about to leave her on domestic service in the great city of St. Peter. Doris, supple, suppliant, with her hazel eyes full of wistful looking up into the eyes of Lizzy, reverential and receptive, in the crisp and daintiness of mep caps, kerchiefs and aprons; the two wending their way through the water-lane which skirts the garden of Bellu Luce; their steps silent from before the easel and discloses the picture; and with a rapturous little cry of delight Doris recognizes its subject. For a moment or two she stands leaning forward and gazing intently upon the canvas; and then, dimpling and blushing in her confusion, quits the street through which it passed and returning to the picture, and, judging from the draughtsmanship, it might be hard to look as if the hand were growing stronger. The picture bore for title "Good Advice," and was being painted surreptitiously.

Its subject was the Lady Doris giving admonition, out of the fullness of her experience of the world, to her little handmaiden, Lizzie Syvert, daughter of David, who was about to leave her on domestic service in the great city of St. Peter. Doris, supple, suppliant, with her hazel eyes full of wistful looking up into the eyes of Lizzy, reverential and receptive, in the crisp and daintiness of mep caps, kerchiefs and aprons; the two wending their way through the water-lane which skirts the garden of Bellu Luce; their steps silent from before the easel and discloses the picture; and with a rapturous little cry of delight Doris recognizes its subject. For a moment or two she stands leaning forward and gazing intently upon the canvas; and then, dimpling and blushing in her confusion, quits the street through which it passed and returning to the picture, and, judging from the draughtsmanship, it might be hard to look as if the hand were growing stronger. The picture bore for title "Good Advice," and was being painted surreptitiously.

Its subject was the Lady Doris giving admonition, out of the fullness of her experience of the world, to her little handmaiden, Lizzie Syvert, daughter of David, who was about to leave her on domestic service in the great city of St. Peter. Doris, supple, suppliant, with her hazel eyes full of wistful looking up into the eyes of Lizzy, reverential and receptive, in the crisp and daintiness of mep caps, kerchiefs and aprons; the two wending their way through the water-lane which skirts the garden of Bellu Luce; their steps silent from before the easel and discloses the picture; and with a rapturous little cry of delight Doris recognizes its subject. For a moment or two she stands leaning forward and gazing intently upon the canvas; and then, dimpling and blushing in her confusion, quits the street through which it passed and returning to the picture, and, judging from the draughtsmanship, it might be hard to look as if the hand were growing stronger. The picture bore for title "Good Advice," and was being painted surreptitiously.

Its subject was the Lady Doris giving admonition, out of the fullness of her experience of the world, to her little handmaiden, Lizzie Syvert, daughter of David, who was about to leave her on domestic service in the great city of St. Peter. Doris, supple, suppliant, with her hazel eyes full of wistful looking up into the eyes of Lizzy, reverential and receptive, in the crisp and daintiness of mep caps, kerchiefs and aprons; the two wending their way through the water-lane which skirts the garden of Bellu Luce; their steps silent from before the easel and discloses the picture; and with a rapturous little cry of delight Doris recognizes its subject. For a moment or two she stands leaning forward and gazing intently upon the canvas; and then, dimpling and blushing in her confusion, quits the street through which it passed and returning to the picture, and, judging from the draughtsmanship, it might be hard to look as if the hand were growing stronger. The picture bore for title "Good Advice," and was being painted surreptitiously.

Its subject was the Lady Doris giving admonition, out of the fullness of her experience of the world, to her little handmaiden, Lizzie Syvert, daughter of David, who was about to leave her on domestic service in the great city of St. Peter. Doris, supple, suppliant, with her hazel eyes full of wistful looking up into the eyes of Lizzy, reverential and receptive, in the crisp and daintiness of mep caps, kerchiefs and aprons; the two wending their way through the water-lane which skirts the garden of Bellu Luce; their steps silent from before the easel and discloses the picture; and with a rapturous little cry of delight Doris recognizes its subject. For a moment or two she stands leaning forward and gazing intently upon the canvas; and then, dimpling and blushing in her confusion, quits the street through which it passed and returning to the picture, and, judging from the draughtsmanship, it might be hard to look as if the hand were growing stronger. The picture bore for title "Good Advice," and was being painted surreptitiously.

Its subject was the Lady Doris giving admonition, out of the fullness of her experience of the world, to her little handmaiden, Lizzie Syvert, daughter of David, who was about to leave her on domestic service in the great city of St. Peter. Doris, supple, suppliant, with her hazel eyes full of wistful looking up into the eyes of Lizzy, reverential and receptive, in the crisp and daintiness of mep caps, kerchiefs and aprons; the two wending their way through the water-lane which skirts the garden of Bellu Luce; their steps silent from before the easel and discloses the picture; and with a rapturous little cry of delight Doris recognizes its subject. For a moment or two she stands leaning forward and gazing intently upon the canvas; and then, dimpling and blushing in her confusion, quits the street through which it passed and returning to the picture, and, judging from the draughtsmanship, it might be hard to look as if the hand were growing stronger. The picture bore for title "Good Advice," and was being painted surreptitiously.

Its subject was the Lady Doris giving admonition, out of the fullness of her experience of the world, to her little handmaiden, Lizzie Syvert, daughter of David, who was about to leave her on domestic service in the great city of St. Peter. Doris, supple, suppliant, with her hazel eyes full of wistful looking up into the eyes of Lizzy, reverential and receptive, in the crisp and daintiness of mep caps, kerchiefs and aprons; the two wending their way through the water-lane which skirts the garden of Bellu Luce; their steps silent from before the easel and discloses the picture; and with a rapturous little cry of delight Doris recognizes its subject. For a moment or two she stands leaning forward and gazing intently upon the canvas; and then, dimpling and blushing in her confusion, quits the street through which it passed and returning to the picture, and, judging from the draughtsmanship, it might be hard to look as if the hand were growing stronger. The picture bore for title "Good Advice," and was being painted surreptitiously.

Its subject was the Lady Doris giving admonition, out of the fullness of her experience of the world, to her little handmaiden, Lizzie Syvert, daughter of David, who was about to leave her on domestic service in the great city of St. Peter. Doris, supple, suppliant, with her hazel eyes full of wistful looking up into the eyes of Lizzy, reverential and receptive, in the crisp and daintiness of mep caps, kerchiefs and aprons; the two wending their way through the water-lane which skirts the garden of Bellu Luce; their steps silent from before the easel and discloses the picture; and with a rapturous little cry of delight Doris recognizes its subject. For a moment or two she stands leaning forward and gazing intently upon the canvas; and then, dimpling and blushing in her confusion, quits the street through which it passed and returning to the picture, and, judging from the draughtsmanship, it might be hard to look as if the hand were growing stronger. The picture bore for title "Good Advice," and was being painted surreptitiously.

Its subject was the Lady Doris giving admonition, out of the fullness of her experience of the world, to her little handmaiden, Lizzie Syvert, daughter of David, who was about to leave her on domestic service in the great city of St. Peter. Doris, supple, suppliant, with her hazel eyes full of wistful looking up into the eyes of Lizzy, reverential and receptive, in the crisp and daintiness of mep caps, kerchiefs and aprons; the two w

# The People's Press.

SALEM, N. C.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 25, 1883.

Answered as second-class matter at the Post Office at Salem, N. C.]

THE PEOPLE'S PRESS  
FOR 1883.  
ENLARGED AND IMPROVED.

\$1.50 A YEAR.

The Press entered its thirty-first (31st) volume on January 1, 1883.

Now is the time to subscribe. We will be sure to make the Press more interesting and entertaining than ever.

L. V. & E. T. BLUM,

Salem, N. C., Nov. 30, 1882.

Ex-Treasurer Polk's bail has been fixed at \$100,000.

Hon. Thos. A. Hendricks has so far recovered his health as to be about on the streets.

A Mexican has made a contract to locate 20,000 Italians in Mexico, in the next ten years.

CONGRESS.—The Senate is still engaged on the Tariff bill, and the House on the Naval bill.

Prince Charles, brother of the Emperor of Germany is dead, aged 82 years.

Much damage done by floods in Georgia, stopping factories at Augusta.

Working the roads by taxation, and taxing dogs, is what the Legislature is afraid of.

We learn from the Charlotte Observer, that a cotton seed oil mill will be in operation in Charlotte in May.

It is believed that the Milwaukee hotel was set on fire, and suspicion attaches to the barkeeper of the hotel.

The sugar crop of Louisiana this year is said to be the largest since the war, averaging from 2 to three hogsheads per acre.

Thanks for a copy of the Philadelphia Times Almanac for 1883, containing much valuable matter, statistical and other information.

We print an interesting address by Dr. Curry, agent of the Peabody Fund, before the Legislature of North Carolina in behalf of common schools.

The Stonewall Jackson Association of New England will send eleven delegates to the unveiling of the statue of Gen. Robert E. Lee at Lynchburg, Va.

The Directors of the North Carolina Railroad have declared a dividend of six per cent., of which three per cent. is payable March 1, and three per cent. September 1.

From the recent school census we learn that there are in this country 4,557 white children and 1,711 colored children between the ages of 6 and 21 years, making a total of 6,248.

Golden Days is a charming Boy's and Girl's Weekly, full of good engravings and the very best reading for young people. Subscription \$3 a year. Reduction to clubs.

Gen. W. C. Pendleton, late chief of artillery of the Army of Northern Virginia, C. S. A., and rector of Grace Church, Lexington, Va., died suddenly in Lexington, Va., on the 16th.

More brave to live than to die! Therefore don't wait till a slight cough develops itself into consumption but secure a bottle of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup at the small outlay of 25 cents, cure your cough and live happily.

Princess Louisa, daughter of Queen Victoria, of England, and the Marquis of Lorne, Governor-General of Canada, have been visiting Western and Southern States. They recently passed through Richmond, Charleston and Savannah.

CHEAP POSTAGE.—On Saturday, the 20th, the amendment relative to the 2 cent postage bill, changing time from Jan. 1881 to July, 1883, was adopted in the Senate, and motions were made looking to a general postal telegraph lines, owned and equipped by the government. Probable cost about \$25,000,000.

Harper's periodicals are among the best in the world. The Bazaar is one of the most popular weeklies, and besides its fashion department, publishes some of the best serial tales written.

Harper's Weekly ranks with the best illustrated weeklies anywhere. Its literature is good, and the illustrations unsurpassed.

The young people are enthusiastic over their namesake, and read its sketches and stories with unusual interest. All of Harper's periodicals in club with the Press, or subscriptions received at the Salem Bookstore.

## FOREIGN.

A conspiracy in France, it is said with the object of establishing a monarchy, has come to light, since the death of Gambetta.

LONDON, Jan. 20.—A Paris dispatch says it is perfectly true that Baron de Charette, aided by M. Baudry d'Asson, member of the Chamber of Deputies for La Vendee, and others, has organized from Fiersterra to Tours thirty two legions of one thousand men each, and has begun to arm them. Six hundred horses, purchased as the nucleus for the insurgent cavalry, are stationed at different chateaux. The recruits wear a small cross as the rallying signal. It is stated that the conspirators have 15,000,000 francs in the Bank of London. This is no error, but the result of a Government inquiry. The police report as certain that Baron de Charette has in Paris fifteen hundred Pontifical Zouaves fully armed.

It is reported that Prince Napoleon will be expelled from France at once, and that a decree amending the killing of life stock by railroads is indicable.

MADRID, Jan. 17.—There were 22 shocks of earthquake in Murcia yesterday, and several houses were destroyed.

CONGRESS.—The Senate is still engaged on the Tariff bill, and the House on the Naval bill.

Prince Charles, brother of the Emperor of Germany is dead, aged 82 years.

Much damage done by floods in Georgia, stopping factories at Augusta.

Working the roads by taxation, and taxing dogs, is what the Legislature is afraid of.

We learn from the Charlotte Observer, that a cotton seed oil mill will be in operation in Charlotte in May.

It is believed that the Milwaukee hotel was set on fire, and suspicion attaches to the barkeeper of the hotel.

INDIAN WAR IN MEXICO.—A desperate battle occurred near Tehuantepec, Mexico, a river port town on the isthmus of the same name, between the Mexican garrison and the Tehuantepec Indians. The Indians were routed with a loss of 80 killed and the Mexicans lost 50 killed including their Colonel.

SENATE.

WEDNESDAY, Jan. 17.—Upon motion of Mr. Strayhorn, the bill in regard to paying officers and witness when defendants are not convicted was committed.

Bill for the better protection of sheep husbandry in North Carolina was put upon its second reading and provoked considerable discussion, amounting to nothing.

Mr. Clarke moved to table the whole matter and called for the ayes and nays. The vote stood 22 to 17 against it.

Bill providing that witnesses before magistrate courts shall receive \$1.00 per day, both in criminal and civil actions, was placed upon its second reading.

Mr. Watson moved to amend by making the amount 50 cents, instead of \$1.00.

Messrs. Payne, Hill, Richardson and Webb favored the bill with the proposed amendment.

Mr. Scott, of New Hanover, opposed it.

Mr. Lindsey said that Lord Baldwin informed us that such action would not be an innovation, which should remind us that we should drive slowly when we become innovators, and that the bill ought not to pass.

Mr. Black wanted the bill so amended as to allow only one witness to every material fact.

Upon motion of Mr. Pemberton the whole matter was referred to the judiciary committee.

The bill to prevent embezzlement by attorneys was made the special order for Tuesday.

Mr. Beppi, the introducer, said that the bill provided for an extension of time allowed for judgments to be regarded as a lien from ten to twenty years, in his senatorial district. He said that the people of his section wanted this and trusted that the Senators would pass the bill.

Mr. Pemberton said the reason that the Senate would not pass this bill was because it changed the effect of a judgement in Burke, McDowell, Yancey and Caldwell counties, and it might revive the liens or create by judgement already barred by the statute in those counties.

Mr. Boykin thought it might be detrimental to other sections and opposed the bill. He moved to table.

Mr. Berry called for the yeas and nays. The bill was tabled—yeas 24, nays 13.

The bill for the protection of sheep husbandry in Yancey county passed and was ordered engrossed.

HOUSE.

At 12 o'clock Speaker Rose called the House to order. The Senate announced and came in and took the seats assigned them.

That part of the journals of the Senate and House referring to the election of United States Senator was read.

A scientific chemical compound that gives health and strength is Brown's Iron Bitters.

## THE LEGISLATURE.

*Condensed from the Raleigh News-Observer.*

### Senate.

MONDAY, Jan. 15.—Bill to authorize magistrates to hold inquests in certain cases. Re-committed to the judiciary committee.

Bill to prevent the false listing of taxes. Referred to the committee on finance.

House resolutions in regard to instructing our Senators and requesting our Representatives in Congress to repeal the internal revenue laws.

Mr. Scott, of Rockingham, then offered a preamble—being the same as the preamble of the resolutions on this subject that passed the Senate on a former day—which was adopted.

The recruits wear a small cross as the rallying signal. It is stated that the conspirators have 15,000,000 francs in the Bank of London. This is no error, but the result of a Government inquiry. The police report as certain that Baron de Charette has in Paris fifteen hundred Pontifical Zouaves fully armed.

It is reported that Prince Napoleon will be expelled from France at once, and that a decree amending the killing of life stock by railroads is indicable.

MADRID, Jan. 17.—There were 22 shocks of earthquake in Murcia yesterday, and several houses were destroyed.

CONGRESS.—The Senate is still engaged on the Tariff bill, and the House on the Naval bill.

Prince Charles, brother of the Emperor of Germany is dead, aged 82 years.

Much damage done by floods in Georgia, stopping factories at Augusta.

Working the roads by taxation, and taxing dogs, is what the Legislature is afraid of.

We learn from the Charlotte Observer, that a cotton seed oil mill will be in operation in Charlotte in May.

It is believed that the Milwaukee hotel was set on fire, and suspicion attaches to the barkeeper of the hotel.

INDIAN WAR IN MEXICO.—A desperate battle occurred near Tehuantepec, Mexico, a river port town on the isthmus of the same name, between the Mexican garrison and the Tehuantepec Indians. The Indians were routed with a loss of 80 killed and the Mexicans lost 50 killed including their Colonel.

SENATE.

TUESDAY, Jan. 16.—Mr. Morehead presented a petition from tobacco manufacturers, asking for a repeal of the tax of \$100, now imposed upon manufacturers of tobacco.

Mr. Berry, to regulate the hiring of convicts.

Mr. Watson, for the protection of executors and administrators.

Mr. Loftin, to regulate fees of sheriffs.

The bill authorizing the Virginia and Carolina Railroad Company to extend and construct its line within the limits of this State caused quite a discussion, in which Messrs. Robins and others took part, the point being that the company should apply for a regular charter.

SENATE.

FRIDAY, Jan. 19.—Mr. Ramsay, bill prescribing the manner in which relief may be obtained from the operations of the stock law.

Mr. Womack, bill providing that teachers of public schools shall not draw pay for teaching prior to the date of their certificate.

The following petitions were introduced:

Mr. Cain, petition from voters of Davis county, asking the repeal of the stock law.

Mr. Davis, asking the repeal of the stock law.

Mr. Holt, petition asking the repeal of the license tax.

Mr. Speller, bill to amend the landlord and tenant act.

At noon, Rev. Dr. J. L. M. Curry by invitation of the Senate and House delivered an admirable address on education, being introduced by Gov. Jarvis.

Upon the announcement of the death of Mr. Shadeford both houses adjourned till Saturday.

SENATE.

SATURDAY, January 20.

Mr. Graham presented a petition from citizens of Moore county asking a repeal of the license tax law.

Mr. Elks, a bill in regard to dealing with the stock law.

The bill to exempt from taxation farming tools, &c., was reached.

It was suggested that it was unconstitutional that the bill was referred to the judiciary committee.

The bill to repeal the law prohibiting the giving away of spurious liquors near the place of any political speaking, was, after discussion made special order for next Tuesday.

HOUSE.

Mr. Bennett, resolution to instruct the committee of agriculture to inquire into matters connected with the organization of the Board of Agriculture, &c.

Mr. Bailey, a resolution of thanks to Dr. Curry and to print his address.

The bill to establish the stock law in Lenoir and Greene counties, passed after some discussion.

The bill to prevent embezzlement by attorneys was made the special order for Tuesday.

SENATE.

TUESDAY, Jan. 22.—The bill to amend the stock law.

Mr. Beppi, bill to amend the stock law.

Mr. Berry called for the yeas and nays.

The bill to provide for the protection of sheep husbandry in Yancey county passed and was ordered engrossed.

HOUSE.

At 12 o'clock Speaker Rose called the House to order. The Senate announced and came in and took the seats assigned them.

That part of the journals of the Senate and House referring to the election of United States Senator was read.

A scientific chemical compound that gives health and strength is Brown's Iron Bitters.

Speaker Rose then announced that Ben. Ransom, having received a majority of 61 votes, was elected U. S. Senator for the six year term beginning.

A message was received from the Senate informing the House that the Senate had passed the following bills:

To incorporate the town of Lexington.

To incorporate the Coast Line Turnpike Company.

To protect sheep and other domestic animals in Madison county.

To incorporate Germanton in Stokes county.

Concerning lands owned by the board of education.

To amend the landlord and tenant act.

Touching the powers of executors and administrators, passed its third reading.

SENATE.

THURSDAY, Jan. 18.—Mr. Womack introduced a petition, asking for a repeal of the drummers' tax.

Mr. Payne's petition for repeal of the purchase tax imposed by the laws of 1881. Sent by citizens of Winston county.

Mr. Morehead, petition from citizens of Greensboro, asking for the repeal of the \$100 license tax on products of their own manufacture.

Mr. Watson, petition from merchants of Winston, in regard to the merchant's tax law.

The resolutions were then adopted, aye 30, nays 9, Mr. Cozart, of Winston.

The recruits wear a small cross as the rallying signal. It is stated that the conspirators have 15,000,000 francs in the Bank of London. This is no error, but the result of a Government inquiry. The police report as certain that Baron de Charette has in Paris fifteen hundred Pontifical Zouaves fully

# The People's Press.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 25, 1883.

## LOCAL ITEMS.

HARPER'S.—Subscriptions for all of Harper's periodicals received at this office, in clubs with the Press.

### MORAVIAN TEXT BOOKS.

FOR 1883.

### AT SALEM BOOKSTORE.

—Third edition of Salem Almanac now in press, and will be ready in a day or two.

—Ed. Bacon is now Express Messenger on the Railroad from this place to Greensboro.

—First Full Moon of the year last Tuesday morning, at 1 o'clock 54 minutes in the morning.

—The water courses in this vicinity were very flush on last Saturday, covering much of the low lands.

—Henry A. Shore has received the appointment of Mail Agent between this place and Greensboro.

—Internal Revenue Collections in the Fifth District for the week ending Saturday Jan. 20th, 1883, \$14,841.63.

—Dr. Rondthaler is delivering a series of sermons upon the life of the Patriarch Isaac, in the Moravian church.

—Go to H. W. SHORE'S for good Cigars, Cigarettes, Smoking and Chewing Tobacco and Snuff.

—Frederick Warde is becoming more popular every day. Don't fail to hear him at Brown's Opera-House, on the 30th.

—See Messrs. Hinshaw & Bynum's new advertisement, and be sure and give them a call at their headquarters, Winston.

—Rev. H. A. Brown, of the Winston Baptist church, is delivering a series of sermons upon the life and works of the Apostle Paul.

—Our young friend, Wm. Wimmer, who has been doing duty in the telegraph office at Greensboro, is at home on a furlough.

—Uncle George Hege killed his two fine pigs, one day last week. They were seven months old and weighed 212 and 215 pounds.

—Eli Spach and Eugene Butner belled two buzzards, the other day, and the tinkle of their bells, in the air, attract much attention.

—A. S. Watkins, of Clemmonsville, slaughtered a fine hog weighing 435 pounds. Uriah Phelps one that weighed 405 pounds.

—Nelson Hine killed two hogs last week, weighing 370 and 350 pounds.

E. J. Hine slaughtered two 7-month pigs weighing 170 and 174 pounds.

—The distinguished tragic actor, Frederick Warde, will appear at Brown's Opera-House, Winston, on Tuesday evening, Jan. 30th. See ad. elsewhere.

—The severe weather and bad conditions of the roads caught many persons short of fire wood, and what little that is brought to town finds ready sale, at good prices.

—There were very heavy breaks at the tobacco warehouses, in Winston, on Tuesday and Wednesday. Double sales were resorted to on Tuesday in order to get through.

—People who traverse West street rejoice over the condition of the sidewalks now. Sand and tan bark have been put on them and pedestrians get along much better.

—The weather cleared off Sunday, with a Northwest wind (predicted by Blum's Almanac), and Monday freezing weather set in and Tuesday morning the ponds were frozen over.

—Go to H. W. SHORE'S for green Peas, Shaker Corn, Flax, Tapioca, Gelatin, Corn Starch, Royal Baking Powder, Soda, Cream Tartar, &c.

—Jerry C. Blum, (col.), presented us with a very good purple ink, as good as the French Violet. It can be used for copying. Uncle Jerry makes inks of all colors and offers them for sale in any quantity at moderate prices.

—It is seldom an opportunity offers to witness a good actor outside of the cities; but on the 30th instant Mr. Warde will grace the boards of Brown's Opera-House, Winston. Go see and hear him.

—The gang of little negroes who go about begging, gained an entrance in the Boys' school-house on Sunday afternoon, and purloined pencils and other articles belonging to some of the boys.

—Winfield Spaulding has purchased the house on West street, now occupied by Jacob Thomas, and will move into it some time next month. Uncle Jake will move to one of Sheriff Fogel's new houses, on the Belew's Creek road, near East Salem.

—Think of it, ye beneftists who shiver at the idea getting up mornings and making the fire, there is one man in town who makes fire in some twenty stoves, every morning before day during the winter. It is the fire-maker at the Academy.

—Rev. E. W. Shields, Moravian minister at Graham, Maryland, formerly of this place and a native of this country, called on us Tuesday last. We were pleased to see him looking so well. He came on a visit to his father, whose death we notice elsewhere.

—Cedar Grove Public School, J. J. Watkinson, teacher, has enrolled 55 scholars, with an average attendance of 40. The school-house was built and paid for, and a ten week's session secured. It is considered one of the best schools in the county. The neighbors furnished all the firewood, free of cost.

—Go to H. W. SHORE'S for fresh Canned Salmon, Corn, Sardines, and Oysters. Also Mackerel and Pickles.

—The Phenomenal Comedian, John Thompson, gives the humorous menu "Around the World," in Brown's Opera-House, Winston, on Saturday evening, 27th inst. The Charlotte papers speak highly of the play. He is an artist, as well as an accomplished musician. Everybody is in good humor and full of fun. —*Statesville Landmark.*

HEAR, O LEGISLATORS!—Lend us your ears, ye North Carolinians! Census Bulletin No. 303 shows that among all the States and Territories of this Union the percentage of illiteracy among the white people of North Carolina is greatest, with the single exception of New Mexico, a raw, half-civilized Territory? Is this not shameful? 31.5 per cent. of the white people of the State over ten years of age unable to read; 31.7 per cent. unable to write their names. Virginia's per cent. is but 18 per cent.; South Carolina's but 32; Georgia's 23, and Tennessee's 27. Is there not a volume in these figures? Compare with ours the percentage of Massachusetts, 6 per cent.; of Ohio, 5 per cent.; of Michigan, 4 per cent. of those who can not write; of California 4 and 2 per cent. Bear in mind that we speak of the white people. Can we not remove this stigma? Is a long sermon necessary with such a text as this? Let us seek by every means to wipe out this blot upon our State's escutcheon. It is for us to do, and it cannot be done without an effort, without sacrifice of less important things. O ye legislators-elect, here is work for you to do. Choose a man illustrious to represent us in the councils of the nation, elect to your offices proper men, honorable men, but waste no time at this. Look at your State bowed down in shame and right this wrong. Be just and fear not, you will be sustained.—*News-Observer.*

—The Young Men's Christian Union and Missionary Society celebrated their second anniversary with a Lovefeast on Friday night last. The services were conducted by E. A. Ebert, President of the Union. Rev. Dr. Rondthaler announced the hymns and offered up a fervent prayer. Addresses were made by the President, and reports read by Treasurer, Wm. Grunert, and Secretary John Brier. Dr. Rondthaler delivered a fine address, giving an outline of the Greenland Mission commenced that day, 150 years ago. The singing by the Union was good and we again express our gratification at the number of good male voices in the chorus. A collection was taken up amounting to upwards of sixty dollars. The choir pieces were exceptionally well given. It was truly an enjoyable occasion, and we hope our young men will take a deeper interest in the Union from year to year, and sustain its prosperity.

The reading rooms, we are pleased to see, are well patronized and we hope much good will result from this enterprise. If the young men will only be earnest in their work, success will crown their efforts.

—Go to H. W. SHORE'S for Queenware, Lamp Oil, Lamp Chimneys and Wicks, Tufts, Water Buckets, Washboards, Brooms, Basing, Clothes Pins and Soap.

—See Messrs. Hinshaw & Bynum's new advertisement, and be sure and give them a call at their headquarters, Winston.

—Rev. H. A. Brown, of the Winston Baptist church, is delivering a series of sermons upon the life of the Patriarch Isaac, in the Moravian church.

—Go to H. W. SHORE'S for good Cigars, Cigarettes, Smoking and Chewing Tobacco and Snuff.

—Frederick Warde is becoming more popular every day. Don't fail to hear him at Brown's Opera-House, on the 30th.

—See Messrs. Hinshaw & Bynum's new advertisement, and be sure and give them a call at their headquarters, Winston.

—Our young friend, Wm. Wimmer, who has been doing duty in the telegraph office at Greensboro, is at home on a furlough.

—Uncle George Hege killed his two fine pigs, one day last week. They were seven months old and weighed 212 and 215 pounds.

—Eli Spach and Eugene Butner belled two buzzards, the other day, and the tinkle of their bells, in the air, attract much attention.

—A. S. Watkins, of Clemmonsville, slaughtered a fine hog weighing 435 pounds. Uriah Phelps one that weighed 405 pounds.

—Nelson Hine killed two hogs last week, weighing 370 and 350 pounds.

E. J. Hine slaughtered two 7-month pigs weighing 170 and 174 pounds.

—The distinguished tragic actor, Frederick Warde, will appear at Brown's Opera-House, Winston, on Tuesday evening, Jan. 30th. See ad. elsewhere.

—The severe weather and bad conditions of the roads caught many persons short of fire wood, and what little that is brought to town finds ready sale, at good prices.

—There were very heavy breaks at the tobacco warehouses, in Winston, on Tuesday and Wednesday. Double sales were resorted to on Tuesday in order to get through.

—People who traverse West street rejoice over the condition of the sidewalks now. Sand and tan bark have been put on them and pedestrians get along much better.

—The weather cleared off Sunday, with a Northwest wind (predicted by Blum's Almanac), and Monday freezing weather set in and Tuesday morning the ponds were frozen over.

—Go to H. W. SHORE'S for green Peas, Shaker Corn, Flax, Tapioca, Gelatin, Corn Starch, Royal Baking Powder, Soda, Cream Tartar, &c.

—Jerry C. Blum, (col.), presented us with a very good purple ink, as good as the French Violet. It can be used for copying. Uncle Jerry makes inks of all colors and offers them for sale in any quantity at moderate prices.

—It is seldom an opportunity offers to witness a good actor outside of the cities; but on the 30th instant Mr. Warde will grace the boards of Brown's Opera-House, Winston. Go see and hear him.

—The gang of little negroes who go about begging, gained an entrance in the Boys' school-house on Sunday afternoon, and purloined pencils and other articles belonging to some of the boys.

—Winfield Spaulding has purchased the house on West street, now occupied by Jacob Thomas, and will move into it some time next month. Uncle Jake will move to one of Sheriff Fogel's new houses, on the Belew's Creek road, near East Salem.

—Think of it, ye beneftists who shiver at the idea getting up mornings and making the fire, there is one man in town who makes fire in some twenty stoves, every morning before day during the winter. It is the fire-maker at the Academy.

—Rev. E. W. Shields, Moravian minister at Graham, Maryland, formerly of this place and a native of this country, called on us Tuesday last. We were pleased to see him looking so well. He came on a visit to his father, whose death we notice elsewhere.

—Cedar Grove Public School, J. J. Watkinson, teacher, has enrolled 55 scholars, with an average attendance of 40. The school-house was built and paid for, and a ten week's session secured. It is considered one of the best schools in the county. The neighbors furnished all the firewood, free of cost.

—Go to H. W. SHORE'S for fresh Canned Salmon, Corn, Sardines, and Oysters. Also Mackerel and Pickles.

—The Phenomenal Comedian, John Thompson, gives the humorous menu "Around the World," in Brown's Opera-House, Winston, on Saturday evening, 27th inst. The Charlotte papers speak highly of the play. He is an artist, as well as an accomplished musician. Everybody is in good humor and full of fun. —*Statesville Landmark.*

HEAR, O LEGISLATORS!—Lend us your ears, ye North Carolinians! Census Bulletin No. 303 shows that among all the States and Territories of this Union the percentage of illiteracy among the white people of North Carolina is greatest, with the single exception of New Mexico, a raw, half-civilized Territory? Is this not shameful? 31.5 per cent. of the white people of the State over ten years of age unable to read; 31.7 per cent. unable to write their names. Virginia's per cent. is but 18 per cent.; South Carolina's but 32; Georgia's 23, and Tennessee's 27. Is there not a volume in these figures? Compare with ours the percentage of Massachusetts, 6 per cent.; of Ohio, 5 per cent.; of Michigan, 4 per cent. of those who can not write; of California 4 and 2 per cent. Bear in mind that we speak of the white people. Can we not remove this stigma? Is a long sermon necessary with such a text as this? Let us seek by every means to wipe out this blot upon our State's escutcheon. It is for us to do, and it cannot be done without an effort, without sacrifice of less important things. O ye legislators-elect, here is work for you to do. Choose a man illustrious to represent us in the councils of the nation, elect to your offices proper men, honorable men, but waste no time at this. Look at your State bowed down in shame and right this wrong. Be just and fear not, you will be sustained.—*News-Observer.*

—The Young Men's Christian Union and Missionary Society celebrated their second anniversary with a Lovefeast on Friday night last. The services were conducted by E. A. Ebert, President of the Union. Rev. Dr. Rondthaler announced the hymns and offered up a fervent prayer. Addresses were made by the President, and reports read by Treasurer, Wm. Grunert, and Secretary John Brier. Dr. Rondthaler delivered a fine address, giving an outline of the Greenland Mission commenced that day, 150 years ago. The singing by the Union was good and we again express our gratification at the number of good male voices in the chorus. A collection was taken up amounting to upwards of sixty dollars. The choir pieces were exceptionally well given. It was truly an enjoyable occasion, and we hope our young men will take a deeper interest in the Union from year to year, and sustain its prosperity.

The reading rooms, we are pleased to see, are well patronized and we hope much good will result from this enterprise. If the young men will only be earnest in their work, success will crown their efforts.

—Go to H. W. SHORE'S for Queenware, Lamp Oil, Lamp Chimneys and Wicks, Tufts, Water Buckets, Washboards, Brooms, Basing, Clothes Pins and Soap.

—See Messrs. Hinshaw & Bynum's new advertisement, and be sure and give them a call at their headquarters, Winston.

—Rev. H. A. Brown, of the Winston Baptist church, is delivering a series of sermons upon the life of the Patriarch Isaac, in the Moravian church.

—Go to H. W. SHORE'S for fresh Canned Salmon, Corn, Sardines, and Oysters. Also Mackerel and Pickles.

—The Phenomenal Comedian, John Thompson, gives the humorous menu "Around the World," in Brown's Opera-House, Winston, on Saturday evening, 27th inst. The Charlotte papers speak highly of the play. He is an artist, as well as an accomplished musician. Everybody is in good humor and full of fun. —*Statesville Landmark.*

HEAR, O LEGISLATORS!—Lend us your ears, ye North Carolinians! Census Bulletin No. 303 shows that among all the States and Territories of this Union the percentage of illiteracy among the white people of North Carolina is greatest, with the single exception of New Mexico, a raw, half-civilized Territory? Is this not shameful? 31.5 per cent. of the white people of the State over ten years of age unable to read; 31.7 per cent. unable to write their names. Virginia's per cent. is but 18 per cent.; South Carolina's but 32; Georgia's 23, and Tennessee's 27. Is there not a volume in these figures? Compare with ours the percentage of Massachusetts, 6 per cent.; of Ohio, 5 per cent.; of Michigan, 4 per cent. of those who can not write; of California 4 and 2 per cent. Bear in mind that we speak of the white people. Can we not remove this stigma? Is a long sermon necessary with such a text as this? Let us seek by every means to wipe out this blot upon our State's escutcheon. It is for us to do, and it cannot be done without an effort, without sacrifice of less important things. O ye legislators-elect, here is work for you to do. Choose a man illustrious to represent us in the councils of the nation, elect to your offices proper men, honorable men, but waste no time at this. Look at your State bowed down in shame and right this wrong. Be just and fear not, you will be sustained.—*News-Observer.*

—The Young Men's Christian Union and Missionary Society celebrated their second anniversary with a Lovefeast on Friday night last. The services were conducted by E. A. Ebert, President of the Union. Rev. Dr. Rondthaler announced the hymns and offered up a fervent prayer. Addresses were made by the President, and reports read by Treasurer, Wm. Grunert, and Secretary John Brier. Dr. Rondthaler delivered a fine address, giving an outline of the Greenland Mission commenced that day, 150 years ago. The singing by the Union was good and we again express our gratification at the number of good male voices in the chorus. A collection was taken up amounting to upwards of sixty dollars. The choir pieces were exceptionally well given. It was truly an enjoyable occasion, and we hope our young men will take a deeper interest in the Union from year to year, and sustain its prosperity.

The reading rooms, we are pleased to see, are well patronized and we hope much good will result from this enterprise. If the young men will only be earnest in their work, success will crown their efforts.

—Go to H. W. SHORE'S for Queenware, Lamp Oil, Lamp Chimneys and Wicks, Tufts, Water Buckets, Washboards, Brooms, Basing, Clothes Pins and Soap.

—See Messrs. Hinshaw & Bynum's new advertisement, and be sure and give them a call at their headquarters, Winston.

—Rev. H. A. Brown, of the Winston Baptist church, is delivering a series of sermons upon the life of the Patriarch Isaac, in the Moravian church.

—Go to H. W. SHORE'S for fresh Canned Salmon, Corn, Sardines, and Oysters. Also Mackerel and Pickles.

—The Phenomenal Comedian, John Thompson, gives the humorous menu "Around the World," in Brown's Opera-House, Winston, on Saturday evening, 27th inst. The Charlotte papers speak highly of the play. He is an artist, as well as an accomplished musician. Everybody is in good humor and full of fun. —*Statesville Landmark.*

HEAR, O LEGISLATORS!—Lend us your ears, ye North Carolinians! Census Bulletin No. 303 shows that among all the States and Territories of this Union the percentage of illiteracy among the white people of North Carolina is greatest, with the single exception of New Mexico, a raw, half-civilized Territory? Is this not shameful? 31.5 per cent. of the white people of the State over ten years of age unable to read; 31.7 per cent. unable to write their names. Virginia's per cent. is but 18 per cent.; South Carolina's but 32; Georgia's 23, and Tennessee's 27. Is there not a volume in these figures? Compare with ours the percentage of Massachusetts, 6 per cent.; of Ohio, 5 per cent.; of Michigan, 4 per cent. of those who can not write; of California 4 and 2 per cent. Bear in mind that we speak of the white people. Can we not remove this stigma? Is a long sermon necessary with such a text as this? Let us seek by every means to wipe out this blot upon our State's escutcheon. It is for us to do, and it cannot be done without an effort, without sacrifice of less important things. O ye legislators-elect, here is work for you to do. Choose a man illustrious to represent us in the councils of the nation, elect to your offices proper men, honorable men,

**A Dream of Home.**  
The sun's rays slant the path along,  
The air is balmy as in June;  
The robin sings his evening song,  
And through the sky the new, gray moon  
Moves calmly on, untrammeled, free,  
But something whispers unto me—  
"Not yet!"

The brook sings as it gently flows,  
The frog croaks by the water's rim;  
There in content the lily grows,  
And there the fishes darting, swim;  
I hear and see the old brown mill,  
But ah! these sad words haunt me still—  
"Not yet!"

In clover meadows broad and fair,  
In drowsy mood the cows await  
The farm-boy's call upon the air,  
With his pale, beside the gate  
Which opens down the gray lane,  
My brother breathes those words of pain—  
"Not yet!"

The steeped church, the schoolhouse near,  
The wood where I have roamed at will,  
The quaint, old farmhouse to me dear,  
My youthful home—my manhood's still—  
I see these as days gone by.  
But something whispers (as I sigh)  
"Not yet!"

Oh, heart, in there whom there is no May!  
Who yearns to hear my footfalls where  
The path, so beaten, takes its way  
Under trees so grand and fair!  
Dear hearts who long to come,  
I can but say I can go home—  
"Not yet!"

For longer still, your breasts must know  
A sadness free from disguise,  
Ere I have these scenes and go  
And look into fair, loving eyes,  
And clasp the hands so warm, and kiss  
The lips I've pressed so oft in bliss—  
"Not yet!"

Forgetful, but strong and strong  
As when one dreamful autumn day  
I said "Good-bye," and passed along  
Down the old walk, and went away,  
Not thinking there would come a day  
When I should have, now, to say—  
"Not yet!"

#### HIS SACRIFICE.

By the window of the drawing-room  
of the corner house in a dingy London  
square stood Honor Wyllie and Archer  
Douglas—a tall, dark-complexioned  
girl; and a slight, fair young man,  
somewhat above the middle height.

Honor's slender fingers were me-  
chanically untwisting the cords of the  
tassel that hung from the heavy cur-  
tains; her large gray eyes were di-  
rected at the little inclosure of smoky  
looking bushes which the smut-  
tained rain was falling, but they saw  
neither tree nor rain.

"I never for an instant thought of  
this," she said, without moving. "Be-  
lieve me, never, or I should have been  
more careful."

Her companion made no reply; yet  
his figure expressed attention.

"All this time I have been under  
the impression that you knew I was  
engaged. It has been no secret. I  
thought every one knew."

Still no answer. The young man's  
head was bowed low on his breast.

"Do speak to me," said she, plead-  
ingly, after a pause. "Be angry with  
me—anything rather than this silence! I  
am so sorry—so ashamed!"

"Angry?" and Douglas checked a  
groan that had all but made itself  
heard.

He approached a step nearer to her,  
to look earnestly at her profile, then  
started as a drop of water suddenly  
fell upon the back of her hand.

"Crying, Honor? There, I will go.  
Thank you—everything. I hope  
he is worthy you."

Honor: "Heaven bless you! May you  
ever be happy!" Don't shed any tears for me.  
I don't want to think I have clouded  
your happiness."

"And I am forgiven?" she con-  
trived to ask in a choked voice.

"Forgiven! For what? For being  
too kind and sweet? Yes, I forgive  
you, that, Miss Wyllie! Good-bye."

He moved slowly and unwillingly to  
the door.

She waited till he reached it, then  
advanced to the middle of the room.

"You are not angry, and  
yet—you are going like the wind."

Douglas stood irresolute. Dare he  
trust himself to take the soft hand ap-  
pealingly extended? His power of  
self-control was already drawn upon  
to almost their full extent.

The next instant he held her hand in  
a grasp that made her flinch, drawing  
her toward him while to obtain a  
better view of her half-averted face.

"Honor," he said, almost fiercely,  
"do you know what you made me  
think? That if I had been the first—  
If you were from—advantage!"

"Well, I am glad to see you, boy! I  
thought you would come some day. I  
thought you would come again."

"Are you, father?" Archer might  
have asked, but he did not, if it  
had not been for that girl's figure  
walking slowly away. "Pray tell  
me what you are doing to yourself?"

"Nothing. Working too hard, per-  
haps; and I have had one or two  
things to worry me lately."

Then this was the man who stood  
between him and his love in both fig-  
urative and literal sense—that man  
who had seized both his hands in  
grip—who was looking at him with  
eyes suddenly become insatiate.

"Well, I am glad to see you, boy! I  
thought you would come some day. I  
thought you would come again."

"I am glad!" he said, turning his  
head to look round at first without  
seeing her. Then, on a second inspection,  
becoming aware of the presence of  
Honor, she sat down beside her and  
laid her hand on the tumbled hair.

"Dear me!" she cried, shrinking  
from him; and wrenching away her  
hand, she retreated to the window,  
pale as ashes.

Their eyes met. Then not venturing  
to utter another word he hastily  
quit the room.

Honor, trembling like a leaf, her  
heart beating wildly, pressed her face  
to the pane to see him pass up the  
square; and when he was out of sight  
sank on the floor with her head buried  
in her arms, and lay there.

She had not long been in this posi-  
tion before a slim, middle-aged lady  
entered to look round at first without  
seeing her. Then, on a second inspection,  
becoming aware of the presence of  
Honor, she sat down beside her and  
laid her hand on the tumbled hair.

"Dear me!" she cried, wrinkling  
her smooth brow. "Tut, tut, tut! Come, come, why pet!"

These sympathetic ejaculations made  
the girl move her position, throw one  
rash round the waist of the consoler,  
and lay her tear-wet face on the car-  
soline.

Miss Mellis—one of the three  
maiden aunts of Honor Wyllie—said  
nothing further at the moment. She  
contented herself with parting,  
smoothing and toyed with her niece's  
hair, and waited.

"Then," said Honor at last, sitting  
up and drying her eyes, "auntie, you  
won't be angry—no, I mean vexed at  
what I am going to say?"

"Surely not, love. What is it, eh?"  
asked Miss Mellis, in a soft and sooth-  
ing tone.

"I should like to go home at once—  
tonight or to-morrow. Oh! you will  
let me, Aunt Alice? You will not  
make objections?"

"But why, Honor? What have we  
done?"

"Nothing, aunt. But I want to get  
away from London. I must go!"

She was so earnest that Miss Mellis  
looked startled and troubled.

"What will Aunt Anne and Aunt  
Mary say?" she asked. "They have  
been making plans for taking you out  
next week—a concert, I think—but  
don't let them know I told you, for it  
would be a surprise. And your visit  
only half over!"

"I will talk to them, aunt, and

they will not be offended. I will finish  
the visit somehow."

"It is the truth, him, is it not?" and  
Miss Mellis gave a little nod at the  
window, as though Archer Douglas  
were just outside.

Honor's look answered her.

In the meantime Douglas started  
back to his chambers in Lincoln's Inn  
in so confused a frame of mind that  
after being twice nearly run over he  
had to take a cab, unconscious even  
that the driver thereof winked know-  
ingly at another driver as he passed.

"Not yet!"

The brook sings as it gently flows,  
The frog croaks by the water's rim;  
There in content the lily grows,  
And there the fishes darting, swim;  
I hear and see the old brown mill,  
But ah! these sad words haunt me still—  
"Not yet!"

In clover meadows broad and fair,  
In drowsy mood the cows await  
The farm-boy's call upon the air,  
With his pale, beside the gate  
Which opens down the gray lane,  
My brother breathes those words of pain—  
"Not yet!"

The steeped church, the schoolhouse near,  
The wood where I have roamed at will,  
The quaint, old farmhouse to me dear,  
My youthful home—my manhood's still—  
I see these as days gone by.  
But something whispers (as I sigh)  
"Not yet!"

Oh, heart, in there whom there is no May!  
Who yearns to hear my footfalls where  
The path, so beaten, takes its way  
Under trees so grand and fair!  
Dear hearts who long to come,  
I can but say I can go home—  
"Not yet!"

For the next week he fought hard  
to drive from his mind this gnawing  
regret; but he fought vainly for the  
conviction that she could have loved,  
or ever did actually love him, was too  
strong; and his trouble, instead of  
growing less, seemed almost to in-  
crease.

He determined at last to go away  
for a time and see what change would  
be needed. And with this decision came  
another. He would make an attempt to  
be reconciled to his father with whom  
he had quarreled some six months since.

While he was full of hopes and plans  
for the future, Honor Wyllie participated  
in them all, this division from  
the only near relation he possessed  
seeming a trifling thing. That he  
was a good son was evident, but he  
had not quite so much to offer.

He stopped to look at her, to find her  
eyes bright with a resolute and steady  
gaze. Her face was pader than  
usual, but that was all.

"My dear, do I believe you," he said,  
with a quiet smile. "And now, I will  
see you home before—"

He broke off and changed the subject  
with some haste.

As soon as he had seen her to her  
door he hurried to his own home and  
wrote two letters. Giving up his intent-  
ion of preventing his son's departure,  
he sought his father in his study.

The next morning Honor received  
one of the two letters. She dropped  
over it many secret tears and held long  
counsel with her mother upon what it contained.

He felt rather like a prodigal as the  
train whirled him through Kent and into  
Sussex; for it was at Hastings  
that his father now dwelt. He knew  
that he had been in the wrong. On  
the mere suggestion of a possible step-  
mother he had spoken with a positive  
determination to make amends.

He reached the end of his journey.

He stood still among the crowd of people  
even at this time of year seeking  
health or amusement here. Invaders  
in bath-chairs were wheeled past  
him; children with spades tumbled  
over his feet; sailors asked him if he  
wanted a boat; but he scarcely saw or  
heard them.

At the same instant the moonlight  
shone on the latter's face and he gave  
an astonished exclamation:

"Archer!"

"The same," said the young man,  
approaching him once more. "You  
are approaching him once more. You  
have been in quite such a hurry."

"Not much—only made me a bit  
giddy. It's no matter, so long as I  
haven't caught you."

"What does this mean?" Mr. Doug-  
las asked; then, "What brings you,

Archer?"

"You bring me," said his son, most  
fiercely. "That is, your blindness.  
Go back to her, father. You want  
to do what was best, instead of which  
you have half broken her heart. I  
have seen her, and it is as I thought."

The elder man was a good deal agitated.

"You are deceiving me," he said,  
hastily.

"Before Heaven I am not! Go, if you will;  
but you leave her alone, for I  
know she has sacrificed everything  
for you. You have had a good life,  
but you need not tremble so. Am I  
not to blame?"

The girl whose hand was in his  
tightened her clasp on his strong  
fingers.

"And you will trust me again?" she  
said, smiling.

"Trust you? Yes, but we will  
wait a little. I believe in your earnest  
desire to forget all this; but—some-  
things are beyond our power. Let us  
see what a little time will do. Why  
is who this? What on earth—is it  
possible? Archer!"

"Is it possible, father?" was the  
answer, as the young man came forward,  
his pale face almost leaden in hue.

He wanted to say words of  
comfort, but he found that his  
voice failed him. "I mean to do  
what is best for her," he said, "but  
you have done well."

But either he was too late, or they  
came not easily to be found, for the  
steamer paddled out of the harbor  
with him on deck, and the "traps" un-  
loaded.

Archer did not go below during the  
passage, but watched the moon appear  
and disappear among the clouds, or  
gazed at its silvery path over the  
water.

Many of the passengers looked with  
curiosity or interest at the young man  
who with pale face almost ghostly in  
the bluish light, leaned motionless  
against the side, and looked out on the  
water.

Mr. Douglas followed at a more leisurely  
pace; when his son ran off and left  
him his mind was busy with this  
new problem. Could it be possible that  
he had indeed been mistaken—that  
Honor loved him with his five-and-  
forty years to look back upon, better  
than Archer? Had her assertion, that  
it was but a passing fancy, a weakness  
that she had conquered, been the simple  
truth? If so—

He had not before he found that his  
son had disappeared, and one or two  
inquiries left no doubt as to where he  
was gone.

On the following day he was again  
at Hastings and held Honor in his arms.

"Are you convinced now?" she  
whispered. "Am I really quite given?"

His sole answer was to press her  
closer to his breast.

But though they had been married  
four years, and a curly-haired little  
girl had been born to them, he had  
never seen her. "I mean to do what is  
best for her," he said, "but you have  
done well."

On the following day he was again  
at Hastings and held Honor in his arms.

"How did you not tell me it was  
Archer?" he asked in a low voice,  
to finish their tête-à-tête.

He was turning away, but his father  
caught him by the arm.

"No," he said, "not harshly, "I  
cannot end so. You and Miss Wyllie  
have often talked before?"

Archer inclined his head and looked  
at Honor, whose face was averted.

"You asked her to be your wife?"

"I did. Is this necessary?"

"I think so. I don't want to give  
either of you needless pain. Tell me,  
Archer—was her fault the trouble  
you allowed to just now? Have you  
other troubles?"

"I will talk to them, aunt, and

they will not be offended. I will finish  
the visit somehow."

"It is the truth, him, is it not?" and  
Miss Mellis gave a little nod at the  
window, as though Archer Douglas  
were just outside.

Honor's look answered her.

In the meantime Douglas started  
back to his chambers in Lincoln's Inn  
in so confused a frame of mind that  
after being twice nearly run over he  
had to take a cab, unconscious even  
that the driver thereof winked know-  
ingly at another driver as he passed.

"Not yet!"

The brook sings as it gently flows,  
The frog croaks by the water's rim;  
There in content the lily grows,  
And there the fishes darting, swim;

I hear and see the old brown mill,

But ah! these sad words haunt me still—  
"Not yet!"

In clover me